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TUESDAY, JANUARY 14, 1919.

Two Letters and a Little Comment

We print two letters today. One is about religion, the other is about honesty.

Religion is largely honesty, and honesty ought to be everybody's religion.

The first letter criticizes the action of the many Washington pastors who, on Sunday, paid tribute to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt. The writer, who did not sign his name, an evidence of cowardice, says, with much other language that is superfluous:

"I should think that Washington ministers could find something better than politics to preach about. I can get my political advice from other sources. I go to church to hear something else."

Even conceding that a sermon on Theodore Roosevelt could be called a political sermon, which, of course, it could not be, our correspondent has entirely the wrong view of the proper relations of the pulpit and politics.

Every preacher of ability should interest himself in politics, talk politics, preach politics, and take an active part in political work. He should study political economy and give the world the benefit of his thoughts.

The business of a preacher is to make men better, to improve them in THIS life, thus giving them as good a chance as possible in the life which is to come.

The preacher who wants to make good men must work for good politics even in voteless Washington. The politics of a nation reveals that nation's moral condition. Dishonest politics means careless citizenship indifferent to moral questions. And careless citizens are not apt to pay much attention to the religious teachings of anybody.

Some people who object to "political preachers" seek to re-enforce their arguments by saying that Christ did not bother with politics, that he thought only of men's souls.

A very imperfect conception, that seems to us, of the character and work of the Founder of Christianity.

For one word that He said about the future state, He said a hundred about life here and its DUTIES.

He settled for His Jewish followers, and settled with perfect wisdom, the political question of the day involving Rome's supremacy, when they questioned Him as to the payment of taxes. Pointing to Caesar's head on a coin, he preached a short, effective political lesson.

The real politics of the world is no mere matter of laws, of candidates, or rival parties. REAL politics is a question of the relations of men to each other, of the individual's duty to the race, of the rich man's duty to the race, of the rich man's duty to the poor, of the poor man's duty to his fellows.

Real politics Christ preached, from the beginning of His work to His death. He preached to the rich men of their duty. And if He talked to them of a future life, it was mainly to influence them into the doing of their duty here.

There does not exist a single great and true political principle that is not included in Christ's teachings.

The preacher who interests himself in POLITICS, in the relations of men toward each other, follows the example of the greatest of preachers.

The second letter concerns the honesty of a street car conductor. The writer says:

To the Editor of The Times:

For the benefit of the patrons of the Washington Railway and Electric Company, who claim that conductors are dishonest, I wish to state that the following is a slight token of respect shown the absent-minded passengers who patronize the Washington Railway and Electric Company:

On Monday morning at 11:45 o'clock, January 13, 1919, the undersigned had occasion to be in the office of the company at east barn, Fourteenth and East Capitol streets, when a lady approached the Lost and Found Department and made inquiry regarding a pocketbook which she had lost.

Upon her request, the answer of the clerk was in the affirmative, and upon identification of same was turned over to the owner, who signed for same, and opened it to see if the \$52.03 was still intact. Everything was as she had left it upon the car. This conductor is Mr. W. Suthard, Badge No. 1139.

Washington's street car employees wish to be respected as other employees of other businesses are. Very respectfully,

GEORGE W. GROVER, Jr.,

1508 East Capitol Street,

Conductor 557, Eastern Division.

We are glad to print this tribute to the upright character of Conductor Suthard. We hope he will be a shining example to all his fellow-workmen. We hope the street car company will see to it that he is properly commended.

It is unfortunate that dishonest men in any class cast suspicion on their honest fellow-workmen.

Those conductors who are stealing fares are doing a great injustice to the honest men who faithfully account for all they receive.

It should not be difficult to separate the goats from the sheep and no organization should be more anxious for a clearing out of the dishonest workmen than the union to which these men belong.

The union was organized to assure fair treatment from the companies. It should make it its business to see that the companies get in return honest service from every member.

Can You Beat 'Em?

By T. E. Powers



Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

EVERY week I hope we may have finished with kissing—as a topic. Then some one writes ostensibly about kissing, but unconsciously opening up something much more important that hinges on this much-discussed subject.

Take the following letter, for instance, from a girl who, finding no sympathy from her mother, decides that life is more tolerable if she allows an occasional young man to kiss her and this, with no pretense of being in love with them. This letter should make every mother stop and consider the amount of sympathy and understanding her daughter is getting at home.

Then there is another letter from B. S. H., whose comments on the gentle art of kissing evoked such a storm of protest a week or so ago. B. S. H. writes very well on view in regard to the new relations between the sexes. I am sorry there isn't space to give his letter today, it will be published soon. The warning to mothers is as follows:

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am very much interested in your articles that appear on the last page of The Times—especially the arguments regarding kissing. I am a young girl war worker, and live with my mother, who is a business woman and has little time to devote to me. While I love my mother dearly, she is of a sort of cold type, and doesn't make much over anyone—while I am of a very affectionate disposition and yearn for companionship. I see no harm, then, of the right kind of kissing, once in a while, from the right sort of fellow, and since I have been permitting this, I can say it has done much in making things seem worth while.

I am considered a very sensible girl, so please do not misunderstand me, and think me of the type that kisses every Tom, Dick, and Harry. Won't you please give me some of your valuable advice on these views. I assure you I will appreciate it very much to see it in print, as I have some friends who take the same view and it may help them also. L. G. M.

Attention, Mothers, Please! Will mothers engrossed in business or leisure please give this letter a little thought? Of her own mother the girl writes: "She has little time to devote to me. While I love her dearly, she is of a cold type—"

It is this type of woman who

TODAY'S TOPIC BACK TO KISSING AGAIN.

"cannot understand" when grief comes to her daughter. And who seems to hold everyone and everything responsible except herself. Pathetically she weeps while recounting all the girl's blessings. The music lessons she had, the summer vacations, and the set of white furs she didn't really need. And the poor lady can't understand how Mary, with her bringing up, could have tolerated such a man.

It is, indeed, a poor type of mother who fails to grasp that young things, with all their sensibilities at razor-edge, need sympathy, understanding, and praise, and if they do not get these things at home they will reach out for something that passes for them.

It is accepting such counterfeits away from home that is the beginning of many tragedies. As far as my young correspondent is concerned, I should be the last in the world to blame her for—what seems to be an old-fashioned person like me a sorry substitute for "making things worth while."

Nothing in this shifting old world of ours remains stationary, not even its mountain ranges or its coast line. And the girl who begins with, "kissing the right sort of a fellow once in a while" very often develops into the type of woman that all men want to

kiss and no one wants to marry. The Hardfaced Siren.

Haven't you seen them at dances, restaurants, or summer resorts, this febrile type of siren that some man or other has been successively "rushing" for the past ten years? Her eyes have acquired the hard roving look of one who must be ever on the alert, for the "rushes" occupy a shorter period as time goes on. When Tom shows symptoms of slipping, Dick must be pressed into his place, with Harry kept under observation as a possible successor. This sort of thing becomes an endless chain of temporary fates.

The destiny of such a girl is sealed in the town where she has exercised her hectic spell. All the eligibles have "rushed," but none had the courage to domesticate. Sometimes she visits another city and returns engaged or the wife of some quiet, steady chap, who can't understand why so brilliant and cosmopolitan type has been willing to marry him.

And everyone is so glad, glad that "poor Gladys is settled at last" that they shower wedding presents and forget and forgive, for we all love happy endings even if we do go to see Ibsen.

Can't Please Everybody. It is very hard to please every-

one. Correspondents of the B. S. H. type find me too straight laced and reactionary, while the lady signing herself "Determination" thinks on the whole I am too lax. And this because I begged a young woman in love with a married man to listen to the voice of her conscience and not elope with him.

"Determination" thinks she should have been denounced, in which I thoroughly disagree. Bitterness and repudiation never yet deterred anyone from folly. Look at the hangings in England during the last century for sex offenses, statistics show that such drastic punishment caused no diminution of misdeeds.

"Let him that is without sin cast the first stone" is good enough morality for anyone. As for eliminating what my correspondent calls "the cause of wrong" she might as well talk of eliminating human nature. They tried that in the Middle Ages with disastrous results. "Determination's" letter follows:

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: If you and everyone else who is working for the uplift of humanity would exert your influence to remove the "pits" as much as you do to keep folks from falling into them, you will find that method much more effective. Reason from cause to effect. Remove the cause. This will never be accomplished any other way than the method employed in killing the snake. You bet your life I don't beg a snake not to bite me.

Take for instance the girl who signed herself "Despondent." You talked to her too easy. You want her to use her conscience instead of telling her that such an act is against the law of God, of nature, and of our country. That she and the man should both be arrested and punished for violating fundamental principles of society. Instead of, you beg her not to take such a step.

I have lived in Washington the greater part of twenty years. It's as good as any city, but it lacks a deal of being good enough. The only way to maintain the standards of right is to eliminate the cause of wrong. There is no organized movement to stamp out the cause of wrong here or anywhere else. We depend on the consciences of men and women, the church and repentance and none of these things ever will accomplish it.

When you make the least degree of allowance for these things you are winking at evil. Put your foot on it with an oath.

DETERMINATION. We hope this lady will really excuse us from the oath. We don't enjoy swearing.

This Tells How the Rockville Line Treats Its Passengers

And How the HAM ROAD, Rising Superior to All Law and Courts, Takes It Into Its Own Hands to Repudiate a Law and Swell Its Treasury Thereby.

By EARL GODWIN.

Here is the story of the way the people who ride the Rockville line are robbed. The Ham road takes their money in advance for tickets and refuses to redeem the tickets unless presented in the same calendar month, so that YOUR SICKNESS or YOUR HOLIDAY means GAIN to the HAM ROAD.

It is a rather long story for this column, but read it carefully and see how the high financier works when it comes to taking other folks' money:

As the result of laws of the Maryland legislature, the "Rockville line" was divided into four zones with a 5 cent cash fare in each zone. Also the law required the railroad company to sell commutation tickets for daily passengers, school children, and for families, the latter variety good for one year. The law was never repealed or tested in any court and the Rockville line operated under it for seven years.

Then suddenly the HAM ROAD repudiated the law. It said, "This isn't a good law at all," and simply ignored it. Truth to say, the HAM ROAD was aided and abetted by some kind of an opinion from W. CABELL BRUCE, chief counsel of the Maryland public service commission. Mr. Bruce said the law wasn't constitutional, and that was enough for the HAM ROAD. It didn't wait for any court to say so, it simply took the conclusion of the complacent Mr. Bruce.

And having repealed the Maryland law, the HAM ROAD raised the zone rates to 6 cents; REFUSED TO HONOR FAMILY COMMUTATION TICKETS IT HAD JUST SOLD; ejected passengers from cars when they dared offer the tickets bought the month before, and raised commutation rates.

Trying to get still MORE money the HAM ROAD asked the Interstate Commerce Commission for a raise of rates measured by a minimum of 28 per cent, and got a raise of 10 per cent on interstate rates.

Now see how they applied that 10 per cent raise. In the first zone, between the District line and Alta Vista, for instance, they formerly sold commutation books of fifty-two single trip tickets for \$1.10.

But after this 10 per cent raise machination, the Rockville line sells a very cutely planned commutation ticket book. Each sheet is two tickets, one good in Maryland, one good in the District of Columbia. There are fifty-two of these sheets of double tickets, and the passengers pay for them in advance.

But if he does not use all of the tickets in the calendar month he cannot get back a cent from the HAM ROAD. That's the robbery. He invests \$2.60 for District of Columbia fares at 5 cents a ride and if he is sick the HAM ROAD makes a profit on it.

The use of this ticket also deprives the passenger of the privilege of buying the four for a quarter white ticket good for transfer to the Capital Traction line.

There is something queer about the attitude of the Maryland Public Service Commission on this rotten deal. It has been appealed to by delegation after delegation, and refuses to take up the complaints in any manner. The thing to do is to go straight to the governor of Maryland.

HEARD AND SEEN

Hip, Hip, Hurray! In a last-minute rush Dark Horse ROBERT N. HARPER rushes to the front as a BIG possibility in the Chamber of Commerce presidential race. VOTE tonight. Annual meeting. Rauscher's.

BOGIE MILLER, the genial boss of the Miscellaneous Shop of the Navy Yard, writes that he is egged on by my constant reference in this column to the Ham line to ask if I mean anything by it or is it merely an allusion to the end-seat hogs who infest the open cars in the summer.

MR. and MRS. LEVIN HANDY, of the Seminole Apartments, have a wonderful new baby girl.

DELT EDWARDS, who is sending out all that good European news, is an old Eleventh street southeast boy; a JOHNNY FERRIS ICE WAGON BOY; ran with the Lincoln Park gang; and went to the WALLACH SCHOOL when our dear friend, A. T. STUART, was principal.

FRANK CUNNINGHAM, of the office of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, has been on the sick list.

MAJOR ED B. CLARK, our old friend who was right in the fight when the armistice was signed, has been resting up at Atlantic City.

M. O. CHANCE, our popular P. M., is working hard these days. His pvt. sec., WILL SHERWOOD, is taking a little vacation. Have a good time, Bill.

DR. and MRS. GEORGE SHARP had a card party out to their pretty home in Cleveland Park the other night. Cards were played and a good time was had by all.

MAJOR TOM EVANS, of the Medical Museum, was in Philly yesterday.

LIEUT. J. O. DONALDSON, aviator, a Washington boy, is here again, having been captured by Germans. He got away, though, and has a big string of stories.

BILL BACHELOR has a card from his old friend, EDDIE RICKEN-BACKER, the American ace.

Here's real news. One Southeast housekeeper reports that in one day

FOUR cooks applied for a job; and she got a jewel that had worked for fourteen years in one place.

For the edification and information of "Young Times," who so tersely writes in your "Heard and Seen" column, and at the same time using the "come on" in his effort to know about the first moving picture house in Washington. While the "Pickwick" was probably the first pretentious "movie" house, it was not the first in Washington by quite a number of years.

The first "nickelodeon" or "movie" house in Washington, in fact, anywhere in the United States, so far as yours truly has been able to ascertain, was located on Seventh Street one block this side of the O Street Market, around 1896 or 1897, possibly earlier.

Those were the days of the endless film of from 50 to 75 feet in length, which could be run a mile or a foot, a day or a week, but always repeating every 50 or 75 feet. At that time the film favorites were the Black Diamond Express, Going to the Fire, Watermelon Contest, Sking Dance, etc.

BILL SHACKLEFORD, of the old Burnt Cork Club, was the originator of the idea and ran the show at that location for several months with more or less success.

In those days the police regulations were not so strict and you were allowed to have a "barker" at the entrance and a lobby attraction to rope the crowd in. As I recollect, MEIG PARHAM was the howling dervish at the front door and the "Deltines," battle axe and knife throwers, worked in the lobby free show under beaming electric lights.

This was even before TOM MOORE'S time, and Tom was about the next man to enter the business here and make a fortune out of it.

Can you beat that "Young Times?" I'll say not.

BOOFUL.

ROB NICHOLS. A lady got on a car at Center Market yesterday. The car was crowded, she counted the passengers, which she finally decided was impossible, but she did see eighty-eight. The register told her that the conductor had taken in twenty fares. And this was before any transfer point was reached, so all on board were cash fares. Wouldn't this tickle the stockholders to death.